



Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44......NO. 15,378.

THE CHILDREN'S COURT

The Justices of the Children's Court, which has now been a year in session, have heard evidence against 7,447 youthful prisoners, of whom 4,368 were found guilty. In the cases of 2,841 sentence was suspended or the little culprit paroled; only 1,527 were committed to institutions.

By this showing the number of incorrigible among New York children is gratifyingly small. 'The "tough" girl of the Brigetta Colonna type is so rare as to excite widespread comment; the Jesse Pomeroy kind of boy, so far as can be recalled, has never been developed among the vast multitude of little ones in the metropolitan com-

The Special Sessions Justices who sit in the Children's Court are said to be more directly interested in their work there than in their regular court calendar. It is an interest sure to be of greater moral benefit to the city. The childish heads that hardly reach to the rail of the Third avenue court-room are puzzling over questions of right and wrong which may be settled for them once for all by a considerate judge and their first downward step recalled.

Children come into the world devoid of moral sense. They are by instinct untruthful, they are inclined to cruelty and their knowledge of mine and thine is yet to be acquired. Many of the little waifs up for trial in the Children's Court have had only the streets for a Sunday-school, sorrowful as the fact is.

In getting their first moral lesson in this court-room they are faring far better than would have been their lot before the establishment of the court.

PEANUT WARFARE

The annual investment of the Bridge entrance peanut venders by the police of the Third Precinct took place on Saturday. As a feature of the regular fall manoeuvres of the force this mimic warfare merits our attention.

The time chosen for the assault was the early evening, when the Greek pushcart men were busy supplying the wants of the home-coming Coney Island half-holiday crowd. The tiny stream whistles were blowing shrilly, the peanuts were hot in the roasting pan and the venders were doing a land-office business when the attack was ordered.

At the word of command a squad of stalwart blue coats emerged from the City Hall basement as if from ambush, crossed the subway bridges at double-quick, A "Personal" Experience. and debouched into the plaza ready to advance on the enemy. Then as the conscious motormen shut off disappointing acquaintances through power to watch the fray, holding up three lines of cars newspaper "personals." Sometimes I and leaving the scene of battle clear, the wight and leaving the scene of battle clear, the right wing seried them.

swung around in front of the Pulitzer Building, the left. Curious thing it is, that it is gener moved forward from the ruins of the old Hall of Rec- ally women old enough to know better ords and the enemy was attacked simultaneously on the right flank and on the left. Alas for the Greeks! The who answer the men. Persians of the police were too much for them. Six venders were taken prisoners and with their pushcarts worded, neatly phrased and scintillatincarcerated in the cells of the Oak street station- and there-it was a very long "perhouse, where the tin whistles shricked all night long in sonal"-attracted my attention.

And what good came of all of it? quoth little Peterkin. Well, lawbreaking must be suppressed, and the mimic war, if less spectacular than that off the Maine lantern trying to break open a heartcoast, was equally "good for the service."

NEWPORT NOT DECLINING.

Newport, according to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, is not seclining; the trouble is that it has "been invaded by the newly rich." The "higher classes are still there in hand-made valentines. Several meetgreater numbers than ever."

The nation, which looks to society's summer home rich alone were to rule Newport our supply of social sensations would be cut short. We can never feel confident that a railroad millionaire will invite a monkey to dinner or expect the wife of a coal king or a wheat magnate to give a freak ball with dancers representing squashes and pumpkins. Your new Croesus is too conservative; too many of the homely virtues remain for him to make a show of himself.

It is in the second generation of wealth that the bizarre form of amusement begins its development. In the third the education in eccentricities makes commendable progress; in the fourth it may be said to be complete. It is the young woman in the fourth generation of wealth who paddles about in a fountain in a city park by moonlight with a young man who "dares" her. It is in this advanced stage of social evolution that the qualifications of the parrot and the monkey as table companions receive their fullest recog-

So, while "the higher classes" continue to dominate Newport, we may rest assured that they will animate life there and give tone to what would otherwise be dulness.

THE PRICE OF A DUKE.

Miss Goelet is said to have paid \$2,000,000 for her duke. Miss Moeckel, the Brooklyn department-store salesgirl, gets her Italian count for nothing beyond a dowry of personal charms. Values are as variable in the market for titles as in the auction room.

Is the price of \$2,000,000 too dear for a duke? It is maid to be by Newport authorities who can appraise titles as a jeweller can set the value on diamonds and who admit his grace of Roxburghe is a good fellow as dukes go. By the law of supply and demand it would seem not to be too high. The number of dukes is limsted. The crop of eligible millionaire girls grows annually larger. They spring up in the sage brush of the Far West, in the mining camp and in the wheat pit. A hundred millionaires came into being in a day when the Steel Trust was incorporated. If their daughters should all want dukes the market would be cornered immediately. In the case of a "steel" maiden the marriage settlement would stipulate, we suppose, that a \$2,000,000 dowry should be paid in bonds.

Dr. Wiley's Feed Tests .- The number of volunteers for or. Wiley's class in food sampling at Washington is ely to be larger this year because of the immunity ease and the gain in weight of last year's exrters. They survived the thorax. This year's class be regaled with french wines containing salicyle as a preservative. There are those of gay fendencies formes ware likely to envy them their

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

tle Takes His Sweetheart, Miss Sixfoot, to the Pier to Welcome a Friend Back from Europe and Gets Mixed Up with the Ship's Hawser.









Confessions &

... of... A Male Flirt.

Edited by

ROY L. McCARDELL.

Note.—The editor of these "Confessions" desires it to be thoroughly understood that he has no connection with these memoirs of a "masher" other than having prepared them for publication. They are the genuine personal experience of another.

TIS distance lends enchantment to the view. Did you ever notice as you walked up Broadway, Fifth avenue or where not, that every woman shead of you with a well-fitting dress was beautiful-till you hurried to get abreast of her and saw her face?

Come to think of it, very few women are as handsome as they look! And, after all, it is the battle not the victory the hunt and not the game, the race and not the prize that lends zest

to life. Of all pleasures that of anticipation is the greatest, and this is why "Personals" are so attractive to us all.

I have made a few pleasant and many

who put in these advertisements for men, and girls to young to know better One day a "Personal" brightly ing with a gleaming bit of humor here

I am a rather clever amateur watercolor painter. I answered this particular "personal" with a picture of a little cupid as a burglar with mask and dark

As I afterward learned, the "personal" writer received all sorts of replies, but one so unique and artistic as mine. A guarded correspondence followed through private letter-box addresses, she writing the brightest of letters and I sending ings were arranged, always at plices like Delmonico's or Sherry's, but always they were set aside. I lived a feverish week in my dress suit. Finally I confessed who I was and, by letter, my brilliant correspondent revealed her

She was a woman of national reputation as a novelist. But oh, her books were naughty, naughty! I dare not tell more about her or you'd know whom I

Finally (it was in the winter season) was arranged that I should meet my authoress at a swell hotel in Lakewood. was a financial cripple after I had made arrangements to go, having to borrow, beg and pawn to get the sinews of war, but I went to Lakewood, and there in a famous hotel sun parlor

met the lady face to face. She was a fat woman of fifty, with a I stepped back and stammered some

fring. I do not know what I said, but I think it was "Qh, Lordy!" The brainy but far from beautiful auhoress grasped the situation in a sec-

thoress grasped the situation in a second. Gathering up her silken skirts
from around her fat, flat feet, she swept
by me with dropsical dignity, hissing in
my ear the one word, "Cadi".

A minute later the day clerk came out
to where I stood, stunned with disanointment, and requested me to leave the
interest of the summarily ejected.
The authoress had reported to the office that a strange man in a frock coat
had insulted her in the sun parlor.

I was the only stranger on the place,
and I was in the sun parlor wearing a rock coat. I look like a floorwalker in a frock

KEEP US TRUE.

Oh, in that ...arksome day when fate shall strew Our way with thorns and we canno prevail

gale, God help us to be brave, God kee us true.

Oh, when our tears shall be as morn When all the ground beneath ou feet shall sink, And from the abyss of despair w

God help us to be brave, God kee

. shrink,

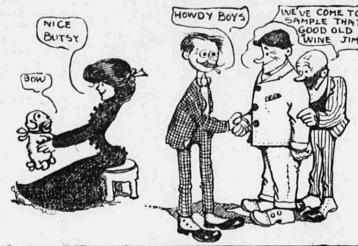
us true. Oh, when the sands of time for u run thro'. When fall about us the deep shade

of night. And we shall hopeless grope nor find the light, God help us to be brave, God kee

-Henry &. Warnock in Los Angeles Her

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

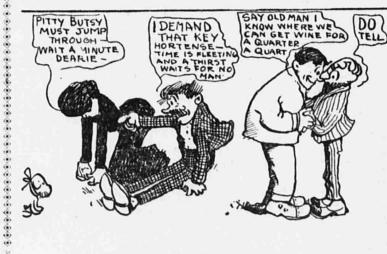
Her Dilly-Dallying Seriously Interferes with the Thirst of Two Friends of Her Husband.





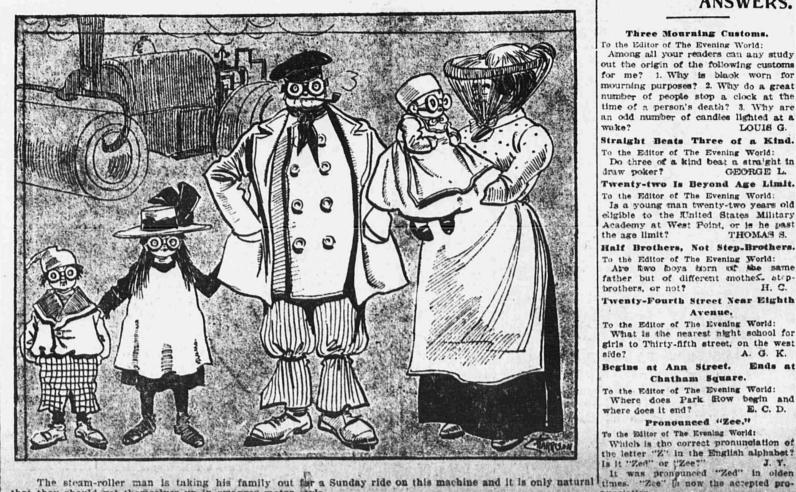








There Is Nothing Like Being Right in It.



that they should get themselves up in swagger motor style

LETTERS.

QUESTIONS. ANSWERS.

Three Mourning Customs. o the Editor of The Evening World:

Among all your readers can any study out the origin of the following customs ime of a person's death? 3. Why are an odd number of candles lighted at a LOUIS G.

Straight Beats Three of a Kind To the Editor of The Evening World: Do three of a kind beat a straight in GEORGE L. draw poker? Twenty-two Is Beyond Age Limit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is a young man twenty-two years old sligible to the United States Military Academy at West Point, or is he past the age limit? THOMAS S. Half Brothers, Not Step-Brothers To the Editor of The Evening World:
Are two boys born of the sam

father but of different mothes, step brothers, or not? H. C. Twenty-Fourth Street Near Eighth Avenue.

To the Editor of The Evening World What is the nearest night school for girls to Thirty-fifth street, on the west A. G. K. Begins at Ann Street. Ends a Chatham Square.

to the Editor of The Evening World: Where does Park Row begin and where does it end? E. C. D. Pronounced "Zee,"

o the Editor of The Evening World: Which is the correct pronunciation The Football Season Is Breaking Loose.

Ŷ¥÷÷÷÷÷¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢**¢**

SEE the football season has opened," remarked the Cigar Store Man. "You'll see a lot of heads opened before the

season closes," asserted the Man Higher Up. This is the glad ozonic period of the year when the young man goes to college to accumulate learning and gets his ribs made to resemble the side of a chicken coop that has been hit with a rock. It is now that the coaches get into the public eye and fix themselves so that they can spend the rest of the year in luxurious idleness. This is 'rah, 'rah time.

"Nevertheless I like to see a football game. We are all descended from men who fought each other with stone axes and lost their appetites if they weren't able to cut the block of an opponent in two before meals. The man who don't like to see other men sail into each other and inflict personal damage ought to be playing tennis at Vassar.

"A bar-room fight, or a street-car fight, or a social exchange of fists and stabs at a picnic are exciting, but they don't class. In diversions of that kind it is very seldom that a man gets knocked out, because there is no concentration in the attack or defense. In football it is different. There are twenty-two youths lined up and each one of them has got his route mapped to the section of the anatomy of his opponent most expeditiously damaged. You never saw a riot in which they carried off man after man insensible, and you never saw a real gingery football game in which they didn't.

"The boy with the high brow, and the eye-glasses, and the aspirations, who packed his trunk with books and hiked off to college a couple of years ago is like a bicycle deck joker in a pack of Spanish monte cards on the campus these days. He may be at the head of his class and know more than the average youth of his age, but he don't attract any more attention than the

"On the other hand is the large young man with a face like a gargoyle and an appetite like a bookmaker. who started off to college at the same time as his studious companion. He didn't have any text books packed in his trunk. All he had was a sweater, a pair of running shoes, a punching bag, a set of boxing gloves and a copy of 'How to Keep Strong.'

"Look at him on the campus! He is like a bandwagon in a parade. He can't hear himself think for the 'rah, 'rahs that push against his ears from every side. He is on the football team. He may be on the blink in his studies, but he is a credit to the college.

"And why not? It is the old instinct of admiration for physical prowess. Great strength and nerve are face cards when nature deals from the deck of life. If we were all burlies we would take off our hats to the exception who could speak three languages but would run at a harsh word."

"Does football do the college boys any good?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"I think so," answered the Man Higher Up. "I saw college football boy get insulted in a Broadway restaurant by a head waiter who used to be a prize for me? 1. Why is black worn for fighter, not long ago. When the ambulance tirove mourning purposes? 2. Why do a great away the college football boy was in the crowd that number of people stop a clock at the saw it go and he was breathing as gently as a child."

Magnetized Soil.

Electricity, hitherto confined to the mechanical side of agriculture, has now to be classed among the fertilizers. Two Russian scientists, M. Spyeskneff and M. Krovkoff, have just perfected an electric battery specially designed for this purpose. It is buried in the soil, which thus becomes magnetized, and not only makes the crop more forward, but more abundant. Excellent results are stated to have been obtained with potatoes, bestroot, trefoil, barley and colsa

Chance Greetings-No. VII.

Parks (Sam)-Hand me your g. ip, Frank.

My nerves are all a-jingle just to feel the tingle

Of your mitt. Some guys want to urge that our friendship's on the verge

Of a strike-Not a bit.

Buchanan (Frank)-

Are we friends, Sam? Well, I guess! So hang your fist on mine while I press. Let us hence to yonder foyer,

To Perdition With decision-in a drink.

Where we'll consign . the employer